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The Medical Missionary

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Vol. XXIV No. 2

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

Who they are:

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions. Some of the Sisters are doctors, nurses or pharmacists; others are engaged in secretarial, household and similar duties necessary for medical mission work.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

Missions

Africa, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Southern United States.

Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.

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YOUR WILL . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $ ..... *for its general purposes."*

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.

The Ten Virgins, A. Trindade

A Question of Talents

"Then will the kingdom of heaven be like ten virgins who took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom and the bride. Five of them were foolish and five wise. But the five foolish, when they took their lamps, did not take oil with them; but the wise took oil in their vessels with the lamps. And at midnight a cry arose, 'Behold, the bridegroom is coming, go forth to meet him!' Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said to the wise, 'Give us some of your oil, for our lamps are going out.' The wise answered, saying, 'Lest there may not be enough for us and for you, go rather to those who sell, and buy for yourselves.'

"Now while they were away buying, the bridegroom came; and those who were ready went in with him to the marriage feast, and the door was shut. Finally there came also the other virgins, and said, 'Sir, sir, open the door for us!' But he answered and said, 'Amen, I say to you, I do not know you." (MATT 25 vs. 1-13)

This Gospel of the Mass of Virgin Martyrs never appealed to me, dear Lord. Nothing in my experience or imagination would throw light on this parable. I had never even seen an oil lamp, and wedding processions at midnight seemed strange and unlikely. But it's wonderful how living in India supplies local color to the Gospel stories.

Among the Indians there is no feast to equal a wedding party. To them it is the height of all achievement and the very symbol of joy and happiness. At the end of three days of ceremonies the bridegroom, all dressed up in silks and garlands, and riding high on a prancing horse or a lumbering elephant, goes to the bride's house for the final celebration, jubilantly welcomed by her women relatives.

In the parable the bridegroom was long in coming so the Virgins all became drowsy and slept. Indians, too, can sleep anywhere, stretched out on the hard ground, huddled up in a

corner, sitting on a bench with their legs folded under them. Their first thought, on awakening, is to trim their lamps. These small, open, clay vessels with a twisted cloth wick demand endless care and adjustment if they are to give a clear smokeless light. With typical Indian realism, the wise have no sentimental pity for the careless and improvident ones, whose lamps have gone out but send them off to the bazaar, open till midnight, in all Indian cities, to buy oil for themselves. Even then, the foolish virgins, giggling and playing, continue to waste their time . . . until they return home too late. The door is closed, and they are on the outside. They have had their chance, and frittered it away in thoughtless selfishness, never thinking of the consequences or that others would suffer—would sit in darkness because their light had failed.

Dear Lord, millions in India are sitting in darkness waiting for us to bring your Light, but if we squander the oil of our Charity—our Gift of Faith—our talents to heal, if we do not keep alive the flame of Love within us—how will they find their way into Your Kingdom? Help us to "so let our light shine before men that they may see our good works and thus glorify Our Father who is in heaven." S. M. E.

REPUBLIC OF INDIA---1950

On January 26, 1950, India declared herself a Republic and introduced a Constitution, drawn up by an elected Constituent Assembly and adopted on November 26, 1949.

The preamble to the Constitution reads as follows:

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, have solemnly resolved to constitute India into a SOVEREIGN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC and to secure to all its citizens:

JUSTICE, social, economic and political;

LIBERTY of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;

EQUALITY of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all

FRATERNITY assuring the dignity of the individual and the unity of the Nation.

We had big doings here to celebrate the Declaration of the Republic on January 26 and 27. The whole of Patna was decorated and there was a parade and fireworks each evening. You can't imagine how effective our Indian decorations can be, nothing but banana trees, marigolds and paper streamers, but in the evening, when the tiny clay oil lamps are lit, it looks like fairyland, just the same. We had a party for our nurses also, as they couldn't go out much, too much work, and too far away from the center of town. Sister M. Elise, M.D.

Medical Missions March On

December 8th saw the opening of a new mission in Solo, Java. Just a week later, the first baby was delivered, a boy, baptized "Bonaventura" in our own chapel. That's off to a good start, we say! Sr. Thecla

You did it WITH US

181,147 PATIENTS CARED FOR IN 194

THIS is the Annual Report from all our missions:

INDIA & PAKISTAN: Rawalpindi, Patna, Mandar, Mymensingh, Karachi

INDONESIA: Makassar, Solo (Java)

AFRICA: Berekum (Gold Coast)

UNITED STATES: Santa Fe, N. M., Atlanta, Ga.

OUR heartfelt prayers and thanks are due to all our benefactors and friends for without them this could not have been accomplished.

ANNUAL REPORT for 1949

OPERATIONS

1928 — 130
1949 — 4,905

IN-PATIENTS

1928 — 185
1949 — 13,416

DISPENSARY

1928 — 6,552
1949 — 167,731

BABIES BORN

1928 — 14
1949 — 4,141

BAPTISMS

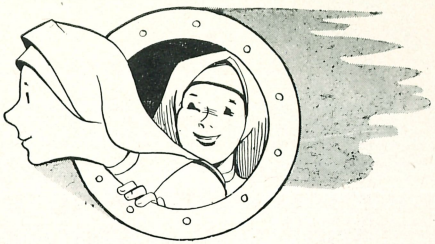
1928— 25
1949—3,237

Missions are the activity of the Growing Churc . . . Medical Missions are something more: th living expression of the motherly character

Pierre Charles, S.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1928

OFF TO INDIA



(Continued)

Sister M. Thaddeus, R. N.

AS YOU remember, we were visiting with the French Jesuits in Beirut. Their University includes primary and secondary grades also colleges of Medicine, Law, Engineering, and Oriental Languages. Less than a century ago, they imported a printing press. Not only do they put out their own textbooks, pamphlets, etc., they also print all the currency, stamps, and passports of the Republic of Lebanon!

Monday, Oct. 17th, Alexandria

This is a large and very busy seaport. The city itself is quite metropolitan boasting of a million and a quarter souls. The harbor is colorful and made more so by the King's palace built on the southern bank of the shore. It is a three story 400 room building with arches and domes.

Cairo, with its Sphinx, Pyramids and bejeweled temples is only 3 or 4 hours from here. But train connections are uncertain and the "Touring Car Expedition" wanted $20.00 apiece, $40.00 to see a cemetery!

Tuesday, October 18th

Mr. Checker and the two Protestant Missionaries bargained with a guide to take them around Alexandria and invited us. First we visited "Pompey's Pillar" an 88 foot high piece of marble that the bashful Roman commanded to be erected as a monument to himself. The cool cut marble looked curiously out of place towering over the desert.

From there we drove to the guest palace. The gardens were brilliantly colored by tropical flowers. White marble statues seemed to watch our every move. I wish I could describe the scenes.

After leaving the palace we passed a funeral procession. At the head of the coffin was a stick covered with cloth and topped by a Fez. That meant the corpse was a Mohammedan man. Later on we passed another; this time the stick was covered with a veil.

Thursday, October 21

It took us 14 hours (we made several stops) to sail through the Suez Canal. In some places the desert was within ten feet on either side of us. We saw camels, dromedaries, mud huts, army encampments with Beau Geste characters, (except, instead of sturdy sweat-flecked "Arabian steeds," they were tearing across the desert on jeeps) and also seen were several reasonable facsimiles of Abou ben Adam!

Somewhere along this area is the place where the Red Sea parted to make a path for the Jews. It never occurred to me before how very thoughtful it was of Our Lord to let them "pass over dry shod." He could easily have left the bottom muddy.

Saturday, Oct. 23, Jedda, Arabia

No harbor here, there are reefs all around. Several large passenger ships are anchored near ours. This is the port of pilgrims on their way to Mecca (60 miles from Jedda). They walk there and back. One ship has been here over a month waiting for its passengers to return. This particular pilgrimage consists of 2,000 Moslems from Mindinao (in the Pacific).

Left Jedda yesterday.

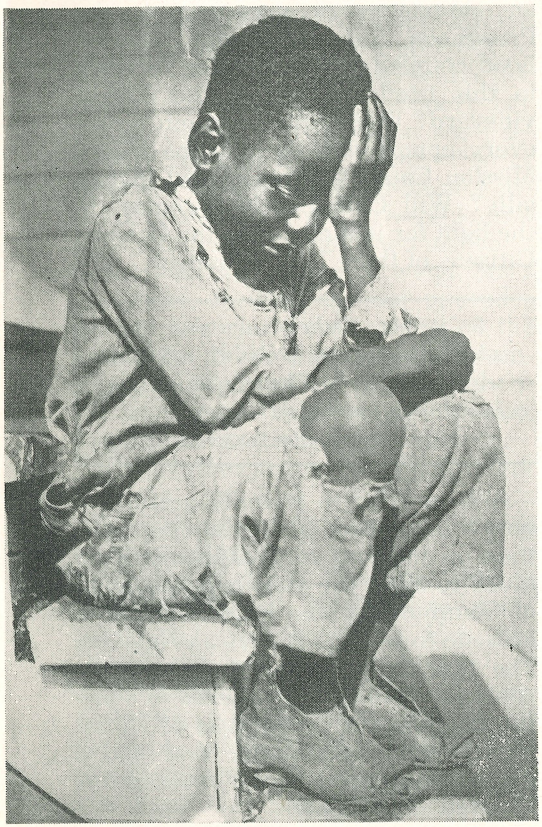
This is assuming mammoth proportions, so we'll maintain a Trappist silence until we reach Karachi. We will be there tomorrow!

MISSION OPPORTUNITY AT OUR DOORSTEP

Rev. Cornelius Sexton, S.S.J.

NO mission field in the whole world deserves the wholehearted support of American Catholics as does the American Negro Apostolate. No other labor of the Church in the United States hurls such a challenge in the face of Catholic Zeal, as does the effort made to win the souls of Colored Americans for Christ. No decent American, certainly no American Catholic, should forget the tremendous debt our Country owes to her Colored Citizens, a debt doubled a hundred times over by a thousand injustices. No American memory should be so short as to forget the foul-smelling slave ships, with men and women packed like animals in the dark, dank holds. Yes, thousands of God's children, naked and chained and frightened.

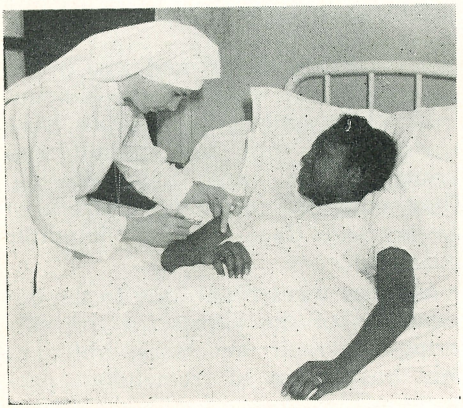
A disgraceful blotch on the history of our American liberties was this slavery. Years of toil and woe broke the bodies of slaves, but did not crush their souls. The Negroes have proven that they are gallant and strong, patient and long-suffering. They emerged from the horrors of slavery as a Race noted for laughter and song.



America owes reparation to the descendents of the slaves for the sufferings of their ancestors, but that debt has grown to tremendous proportions because of the injustices which have accumulated since emancipation. The American Negro is still exploited. He suffers a hundred disabilities. He is despised and dishonored. Walk through the slum areas of our big cities—visit the wretched tenements—see the squalid quarters which millions of our Colored Citizens are forced to call their homes. Travel through the rural South. See the shacks where large Negro families have been reared on a pittance, without opportunity for a decent education or profitable employment. Try, if you can, to reach the minds of these dark-skinned children of God, ragged and hungry, tempted and hopeless. You will learn that they too can have thoughts of glory and fame, of money, of a chance to be happy; yes, and thoughts of holiness and power, helpfulness and sacrifice.

All these sights will make you recognize the blistering cruelty, the glaring injustice, the diabolical malevolence which inspires white Americans

to discriminate and to hate. There is only one sure way open to us to pay off this enormous debt. Just as the saintly Negro, Blessed Martin, recognized that only in God is there any hope for the poor, we must acknowledge our duty to bring God and His infinite love to the American Negroes. Only the brilliant truth of our Holy Religion will suffice to blaze a trail of justice and charity for our Colored Brothers.



Sr. Clare giving an injection.
Catholic Colored Clinic, Atlanta, Ga.

We are given a manifest challenge in the fact that there are 14,000,000 Negroes still outside the true fold. The small number of Negro Catholics (362,000) is eloquent evidence of the startling fact that by far the greater percentage of American Negroes have no real contact with Catholic Christianity. This state of affairs certainly cannot be blamed on the missionary Priests and Sisters and Brothers, who have made, and are making, tremendous sacrifices in the interest of souls in the mission field of Negro-America. They are handicapped and often rendered helpless, by civil laws, social customs, religious antipathies, and a philosophy which even now regards Negroes as chattels rather than as men.

The Catholic population of our country has been lacking in the Charity of Christ toward the Negro. Also, Catholics generally are unmindful of their obligations toward this foremost mission responsibility of America.

There is a lamentable lack of laborers in the "Colored harvest." A survey made last year found twenty-nine communities of priests and some of the Diocesan Clergy doing Mission work. Altogether there were 640 priests. Experienced Missionaries will tell you that we should have at least 4,000 priests in the field.

Last year also, there were 1,894 Sisters from 96 different Communities engaged in Negro Mission work in our Country. There is room for 10,000 more Sisters.

May we hope that the mission intention for this month will awaken American Catholics to this wonderful mission opportunity at our doorsteps! Will Catholics be inspired to start a crusade of fervent prayer for the conversion of the American Negroes, for an abundance of vocations to the Priesthood, Sisterhood, and Brotherhood coupled with a longing to work in this needy corner of Our Lord's vineyard? Will Catholics begin to use every opportunity to help the Negro Mission Cause spiritually and materially? Will Catholics be foremost in the fight for justice due to the Colored Citizens of these United States?

> *Is it not Catholic doctrine that when a brother is excluded, rejected, segregated, it is Christ who is insulted and humiliated?*
>
> ARCHBISHOP LUCEY OF TEXAS

A kind word, a friendly gesture, a sympathetic and understanding attitude on the part of Catholics will do much to offset the vicious propaganda of Communists, who have launched a crusade to win the American Negroes. The time is here—the time has now come for American Catholics to show the Negroes the credentials of Christianity, by a missionary zeal and a Christlike interest in the *souls* of our Colored Population.

Mother Dengel Gives the Answers

Thank you, Sister. I expected these visitors. I shall be over as soon as possible.

In the meantime, the gentleman, his wife and the eighteen-year-old daughter, whom the guest mistress had ushered into the parlor, took in a little of the atmosphere. Everything around inside and outside seemed pleasantly simple to them. It was different from what they had expected, and now they were wondering what the interview would be like.

I greeted them heartily. It is always such a pleasure to meet a prospective candidate, all the more so when her good parents help and support her to the degree of coming to see personally what it is all about. That is what we like, because the best guarantee of making a good choice is first to ask God's help—and then use one's God-given intelligence to weigh one's intentions, inclinations and aptitudes against the spirit and nature of the apostolate of the particular community one has in mind. A personal interview more than anything else, helps to see whether they balance.

The mother then went on to mention that she had heard me give a talk years ago, and that she had never quite forgotten it.

"In fact, I think, I was the first to mention Medical Missions to Anne here, and somehow the idea has stayed with her."

The father gave me a rather questioning look and settled back in his chair. I could tell he thought his daughter's interest in us very strange, but Anne was eager for details.

Swinging my chair around to face her a little more directly, I said, Well, Anne, what exactly about our Society appeals to you?

"It's not all too clear to me, Mother, but it just seems the answer to all my desires. I've always wanted to be a Sister and take care of the sick. I would like to be a doctor, too."

The advantage in our Society is that there is scope for practically all tastes and talents. Nurses we need in limitless numbers, many doctors, pharmacists, dietitians, technicians, housekeepers and secretaries. In mission hospitals, just as in hospitals at home, the nurses are the most numerous professional body. You probably would not think that artistic, literary and musical talents would find an outlet in a specialized medical mission society such as ours, but they also are needed to round out the whole.

As regards music, I must tell you a funny story. When I first went to India as a lay doctor, I was introduced to the parish priest five minutes after my arrival. Without introductory questions about my passage, he asked bluntly, "Can you sing?"

"No, Father," was my reply.

"Go home," he exclaimed and left.

Any newcomer who was not an asset to his choir was probably received the same way. However, liturgical singing is important in the missions and it is also important in our lives.

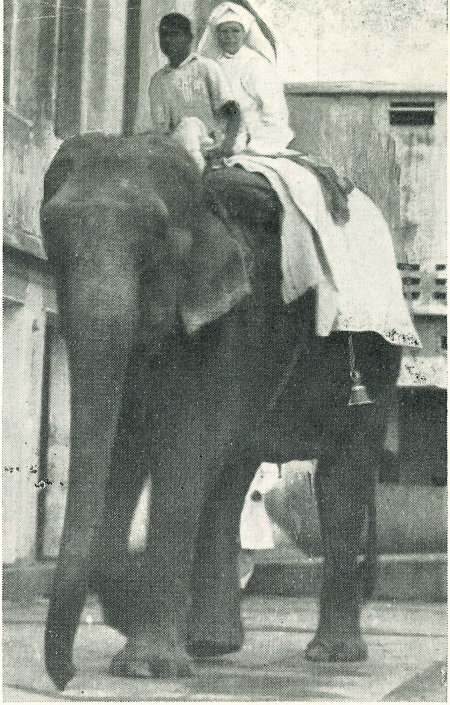
As regards housekeeping, some people forget that a religious community is a big family, which needs

mothering and watching from many angles. In the missions, the supervision of the servants alone is a big and essential job. On account of the caste system, one servant will only do one kind of work. The cooks, gardeners, bearers, washermen, sweepers, all will work only in their special domain. One has to keep an eye on them all. A good housekeeper is a pearl of great price.

"I think I could sew, but I have my doubts about cooking," Anne commented. That does not matter. Our motto is, "What you do not know, you can learn." The great thing is to be willing and generous especially in missionary life.

Did you realize that we are missionaries? We go to India, China, Africa; as a matter of fact, to any part of the globe. During the war because of the inability to travel to the Orient we opened missions in Georgia and New Mexico.

The father gave an audible sigh of relief at this, but it was short-lived as I added, but we will always concentrate on the foreign missions. Anyone joining the Society must come with that understanding and a willingness to go to any part of the world.



Sister Cyril—Riding High

"But it is a missionary I want to be," said Anne, as if surprised that I had not taken it for granted.

The customs and conditions of mission countries require many adaptations and the needs of the people are so great that there is plenty of work. I must confess mission life is a life of sacrifice. But we do not think so much of the giving up as of the giving, and if you offered our Sisters a free passage to come home for good, you would probably meet with 100% refusals.

"What about the climate in your mission places?" the father asked. I had to admit to him, I found that quite hard. Where I was in the far north of India, the summers were intensely hot, up to 116 degrees F., and in the winter after sundown it grew very cold. There were no heating facilities then as now. For most of the Sisters, the heat is a real hardship and in a hospital, work can't wait for a cool day. However, the month's holiday

Sister Jane Francis—Patna Dispensary

and the annual retreat in the mountains, help considerably.

The next question put to me is one I am often asked, "What about the food?" Naturally, it varies; beef one may as well forget, since the cow is "holy" as well as tough in India. And pork is offensive to the Mohammedans. Mutton and chicken are the standbys, and a variety of vegetables can be found in the bazaar. Some of the Sisters like a dish of Indian food which in the north consists of a kind of large, leathery pancake with highly seasoned curry and further south, of rice and curry. The Indian patients keep us supplied with delicious fruits.

"Do the Sisters manage to keep well in spite of the heat and strange food?" the mother asked a bit anxiously. I was glad I could honestly reassure her on that score. No one escapes malaria, of course, but when it comes to this, we are at an advantage in knowing what to do.

Sister M. Ralph
Cambridge, Mass.

"Why is there so much sickness in India?" questioned the father. This was a hard query to answer. It involves so many things. Briefly, it may be said that it is due to a combination of ignorance, poverty, superstition and inadequacy of medical care. India is a country of great potential wealth although the masses are very poor. The majority are farmers and have hardly any cash incomes. They are dispersed in no less than 700,000 villages where medical care in our sense is practically non-existent.

All this seemed news to my visitors and I was about to continue, when Sister tapped on the door and appeared with a tea tray. Over a cup of hot tea, the conversation took a lighter turn and Anne wanted to know something of the routine and schedule of our life here at home. We get up at five or five-thirty, I started off rather bluntly. "Why so early?" That's one of those real "convent mysteries," isn't it Anne? Well, simply because the day would be too short otherwise for our prayers and work.

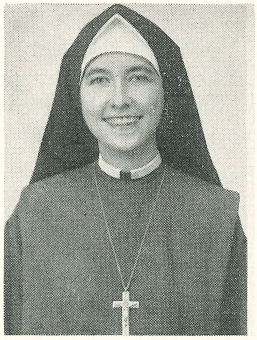
Moving Along to The Missions

Mar. 21, 1950

Sister M. Constance
St. Augustine, Florida

Sister Marie Therese
Jersey City, N. J.

The father looked a trifle dubious, so I hurried on with a resumé of the day's activities. After the recitation of Prime from the Divine Office, we have half an hour's meditation and then the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Breakfast, the necessary household duties, in which all the Sisters take part, and it is time to begin the assigned tasks. The postulants and novices spend most of the morning in the classroom.



Sister M. Anastasia
Jordan, N. Y.

After dinner we have an hour's recreation during which the Sisters like to play the piano, read or go for a walk or play outdoor games. The afternoon's work is interrupted by the Rosary, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and spiritual reading. Supper at six is followed by an hour's recreation in common, a good time to exchange ideas, news and jokes. We close our busy day with another Hour from the Divine Office, Compline.

"But tell me, Mother, how long is the Postulancy?" Six months is the minimum. It is little enough time to be introduced to the rudiments of the religious life and to make the necessary adjustments. The younger one is, the easier it is as a rule. Most communities have an age limit; ours is 30 years, although occasionally we make exceptions. "You still have a chance," the mother teased Anne.

"Is the Novitiate just a continuation of the Postulate?" was Anne's next question. Yes and no. Both are what St. Benedict long ago called a "school of holiness," where everything is directed to spiritual development and character formation, but the novices already wear the Society habit and take things more seriously. Our Chaplain, a Holy Cross Father, teaches Religion, liturgy and Church history.

"How long is the novitiate?" questioned Anne. Two years; then the Sisters take the Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience for three years, after which they renew them for two years before final profession.

Medical Mission Field

Anne also wanted to know more about our medical work. Well, besides our hospitals, dispensaries and maternity and child welfare work, we have training schools for native nurses and compounders; sanitaria, leprosaria and other public health work; all are within the range of our apostolate. The Medical Mission field is very broad. It goes without saying that the spiritual phase is our first and primary motive. Catholic hospitals in the missions where the majority of the people are illiterate best demonstrates Christ's love for all men.

"But do the people really come to you?" the father asked dubiously. Not only from the neighborhood but even from distant villages. They have great confidence in us—too much at times—they think we can perform miracles. That we operate on them, bathe them, dress their sores, render all kinds of humble services surprises them at first, but once they realize that we do it for Khuda ke waste (love of God) they understand.

Medical Missions speak the language of the heart which even the simple can grasp. Our Sisters who come in daily and intimate contact with these people of different religions, castes and languages have to know more than just their medical work. It is by a sympathetic understanding of the people's life and social conditions and especially by letting them actually experience devoted and skilled service in their suffering bodies that we can hope that our Medical Mission Apostolate will contribute to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

So, Anne, that's the challenge the Medical Mission Sisters offer you—to serve the sick and suffering in mission lands for Christ and in the name of Christ.

MEET THE PEOPLE

by Sister M. Adelaide

A Hindu Mother-in-Law

Ram Sakhi was giving a dinner for a thousand guests that evening, and we were invited. Ram Sakhi is the head of a large household where the families of five sons and three daughters reside. She is an old friend, and there are not many days in the year when she does not bring a member of her numerous family or a neighbor to the dispensary.

These hospital visits are Ram Sakhi's social life. When the restless stamping of a thoroughbred horse is heard, everyone knows that Ram Sakhi has arrived. It is not necessary to see Gamaliel with his gay red plume hitched to a tom-tom covered with a white purdah—his thud-thud speaks. To insure these daily visits Ram Sakhi, instead of taking a week's supply of medicine, insists upon purchasing only a small amount. When Sister suggests that she take two days' medicine because the following day will be Sunday, Ram Sakhi only laughs and not to be fooled replies, "Tomorrow will be only Saturday." What would she do if she did not come to the hospital every day?

Ram Sakhi is a business woman. Ram Sakhi figures that an anna saved is the beginning of another rupee, and she is right. The family has money and plenty of it, but when it comes time to pay a hospital bill Ram Sakhi goes about it in the typical Indian way. Before the payment is made, it takes a bit of patient convincing that nothing is being charged for that was not received, and that the hospital needs the money to pay its bills. All this, of course, was understood by both parties beforehand, but it makes for conversation. Now Ram Sakhi was to be our hostess.

At 5:30 that afternoon four of us set out for the suburban home in two rickshaws. At the end of a half hour we stopped in front of the house—or rather houses.

The entire family came to greet us, introductions not being necessary since most of the women and children had been patients at some time or other. Two arm-chairs were brought in immediately, but it took quite five minutes to get two more from a neighbor. (They never use them.) Ram Sakhi had not been informed how many would come. After we had been comfortably seated for some minutes, our hostess offered to show us through the house.

We went up narrow winding stairs to the roof and proceeded downward. On the second floor, the only article of furniture in each room was a string bed. From the balcony we looked across the road, and it was evident that there would be no sightseeing through the other house. The Brahmin priests were there. In the candlelight they could be seen squatting on the floor, caste marks shining on their foreheads, reading from the holy books of the Hindus. Ram Sakhi explained that this was a religious feast to which near and distant relatives had been invited to partake of the blessings bestowed upon the family

during the past year. Before the night ended at least a thousand people would have been given a meal.

Our dinner was served in the central room beyond the parlor. A table had been imported and the four armchairs were there. A large kerosene lantern was hung from a hook on the wall. Ram Sakhi, herself, helped wait upon us. Some of the women of the family and all the children came in and squatted around the wall. To get a better view the very little ones ranged themselves down the staircase. They were very quiet, every eye watching every move we made, but with such simplicity, one was not inclined to be self-conscious.

We were interested in the menu since the diet of our Indian patients is a hospital problem. In this orthodox Hindu household, meat, fish and eggs would not be served. What would be the substitute? A little stove containing a charcoal fire was placed just outside the door from which piping hot chapaties (wheat cakes) of several varieties were served. The six or seven kinds of curry, cauliflower, potato, etc. were in individual clay dishes at each place. It takes practice to more than sample these delicious curries, the main ingredient being red pepper. Before the dinner had progressed very far, each of us realized that it was better to eat the chapaties very slowly because no amount of talking could convince our hostess that we really could not eat another one. Our plates were filled and refilled. The meal ended with Indian sweets of perhaps a dozen varieties, most of them made from boiled down milk, fruit and tiny cups of tea.

None of the members of the family had eaten as yet. But as soon as we finished the women and children, fifty or more, gathered on the back verandah with their plates. They would be served there, and would eat squatting on the floor.

The anti-climax came a little later on one of our feast days. One of the Sisters heard a friendly dispute between Ram Sakhi and another patient, who was in the fish business. Said the latter, "I gave the Sisters fish for dinner."

"But I had them *to dinner,*" replied Ram Sakhi. The tone of her voice and the toss of her head left no doubt who had won. Ram Sakhi always has the last word.

YOUR MEDICAL MISSION I.Q.

Will Abdul Die at 27?

The Average Life expectancy in India and Pakistan is 27 years. In the United States it is 64.

THERE ARE 5,000,000 LEPERS in the world.

The UNTOUCHABLES are social outcasts from Hinduism. They are relegated to a life of menial labor and endless poverty.

Native medicine in Africa is in the hands of WITCH DOCTORS. They cure their patients by means of spells, incantations and fetishes.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Anthony E. Bourke, So. Ozone, New York

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Stanislaus Rysiakiewicz, Jamaica, New York

Reverend William Bickhaus, Pecos, New Mexico

Very Rev. Mother Mary Magdalen of the Passion, O.P., W. Springfield, Mass.

Mother M. Theresa Sibila, O.S.B., Elizabeth, N. J.

Sister M. Eunice, O.S.F., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Sister Mary Loretto, O.S.F., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Sister M. Thecla, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Indiana

Sister St. Melanie Tierney, Grey Nuns S.H., Philadelphia, Penna.

Sister M. Vera, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Indiana

Mr. Charles Benson, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Bernard Fahy, K.S.G., Rome, Georgia

Mrs. Emma Grentzer, Canton, Ohio

Mrs. William Kelly, Philadelphia, Penna.

Mrs. W. H. Kelly, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Miss Frances Nolan, Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Miss Mary Nolan, Jamaica Plains, Mass.

22,000 Refugees

Sister M. Francis, M.D.

"I'm going to one of the Refugee Camps tomorrow. Would you like to go?" asked Sister M. Bernadette.

Then I learned that there are three Refugee Camps just outside of Rawalpindi, Wau, Mansar and Kala. Sister was planning to go to Mansar, about thirty miles from the Hospital.

Next morning about eight o'clock the army lorry was to come for us. "The car is 'air-conditioned,'" I was told and I was instructed to put on sweater, shawl and winter cape. It is one of the oddities here that it is very cold just now and instead of perspiring freely as everyone at home imagines, we are colder than we have ever been. Never in my life have I worn so much clothing at one time! Of course, the thermometer does not often go below thirty-two but when there is no heat except the sun, day or night, one feels the cold.

After Mass and a hearty breakfast, I went out to the front of the hospital to find Sister Bernadette, Sheila, a pretty Christian girl who was to be my interpreter, and the lorry with two soldiers. We were helped into the back and there I found blankets, a wooly sort of bag for my feet, a small pack of clothes, a few medicines, and some old Christmas cards.

Two hours of riding through the hills brought us to Mansar. The camp, composed of Kashmiri refugees numbering 22,000, was formerly an army barracks and they are crowded! Inside, the stone floor is divided by little ridges into the spaces allotted for each family. Charpois (string-beds) stood against the wall and many had little fires going for cooking. As the sun came up, the blankets and covers were abandoned inside and all took to the outside, some bringing their charpois with them.

Out in the sun one of the babies was being given a bath; the child stood shivering while her mother poured water over her. The sick children were brought to us in the arms of father or mother. The little one would be wrapped up like a package but when the covering was taken off usually they were clothed only in a single thin shirt. No sweater, no cap, no booties—and I was only comfortable in a sweater and shawl! The fact that many had pneumonia was not surprising. The adults too, usually had only a single garment.

We had a limited number of shirts, sweaters, etc. and they were soon gone. This one surely needed the sweater, you would think, and then five minutes later along came another just as deserving—if not more so. It

was heartbreaking to have so little to give. Even the scraps here are made up into clothes—Cupre. When I thought of the things wasted in the States, I could have cried.

I paid a quick visit to the hospital of the camp. Here one of the barracks was a maternity ward, one a pediatric ward, one for men, one for women, one for contagious cases, etc. I went into the maternity ward. In the first bed under a bright red wooly blanket was a mother fighting for her breath. She was desperately ill with pneumonia. At her side under the pile of blankets was her newborn baby. What to do? If the baby should be taken away, who would feed it? If she dies the baby probably will too. Artificial feeding is next to impossible here.

Opening of the New Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi

For years we persistently asked our friends and benefactors to help us build the much needed new hospital. Although many finishing touches are still needed, it is sufficiently ready to receive patients. The Blessing will take place on March 25, the Feast of the Annunciation, which is the patronal feast of our Society.

May we ask our benefactors who helped us to build the hospital, to add the alms of their prayers on March 25th.

In the pediatric ward were more pneumonia patients and some had various other respiratory complaints. The most interesting patient in the hospital from the medical standpoint was a woman with Exfoliative Dermatitis. The skin was peeling in great sheets.

The camp chlorinates its own water. A few years ago, before things had become well organized, smallpox was common. Now all are vaccinated and as we went around now and then someone would pull up a sleeve and show us the most beautiful "takes." These "takes" covered quite a bit of territory on the babies' arms!

The women wore most interesting jewelry: jewelry in the nose, rings on their fingers, rings on their toes and ankles, necklaces and earrings—mostly silver. But more fascinating than their heavy jewelry was their hair. They take several strands of hair and braid them and do this all over the front of the head. I have even seen them weave the hair across the forehead in a basket weave. They have literally hundreds of tiny braids.

At noon we took the sandwiches we had brought and after washing with soap and water poured over our hands sat down in the sun on a charpoi. We were surrounded by a ring of children and adults who solemnly watched us eat. Your appetite leaves quickly under such conditions particularly as you reflect most of them are hungry and did not have the substantial breakfast you had.

At three o'clock we had to leave. We gave away the remainder of the lunch and as our lorry drove away we threw the Christmas cards to the children. We would have been swamped if we had tried to give them out.

The ride back was just as breezy and the car fairly tore down the road. Every so often the driver would go up on the bank or over a soft shoulder to avoid another vehicle. We were glad we could not see the road ahead as we would have died of fright a dozen times. As it was, after hearing the horn blast away and going up on the bank we would look out and see what we had just missed hitting. Sometimes it was a tonga, sometimes a bullock cart and quite often a bus loaded with passengers. We said an extra rosary on the return trip!

When we got home at sundown the air was already chilly. As I pulled my soft warm grey shawl over my shoulders, already covered with a sweater, I could not resist shivering as I thought of the camp and its lack of warm clothes.

TWI (Twee) TALK

TWI is the basic language spoken by the principal tribes in the Gold Coast Colony.

Rainy Season For Berekum

March came in like the traditional "lion" inaugurating the much prayed for Rainy SEASON. These tornado-type rains remind you of a storm at sea, for the winds come up with the vigor of a 20-mile-an-hour gale and the giant raindrops fall so forcefully that they sound like golf balls on the roof. The very first day of March we had one such rain— it was wonderful. The cracked earth soaked it up as soon as it fell, and everything smelled so fresh and green once again in contrast to the dusty dry Harmattan season.

At the height of the storm, two women and a child returning from a farm came to take refuge on the dispensary veranda. They were a picture with huge bundles of firewood on their heads trying to keep their balance and the wind blowing hard. We gave them a blanket to warm up in after they had removed their wet clothes. They were wet to the skin. The grateful trio sent us "dash" twice that week.

International Affair

"And shake the white medicine well and give the baby one small spoonful morning, noon, and evening when the sun goes down. Understand?"

"Yo, yo," they all shook their heads. Mame tied the bottle in her cloth and the father repeated the instructions to Sr. M. Raphael just to make sure that they *all* understood—mother, father, "small father" (paternal uncle), several sisters and brothers—all the family that comes in a body when one member is seriously sick.

All understood — except grandfather. He stared intently at Sister, leaned over, and suddenly whacked her on the back with something that felt like a shillalah! The poor old man was terribly distressed when he saw Sister jump as though she had been shot . . . She had not noticed it, but he had seen a big tsetse fly — carrier of sleeping sickness — alight on Sister's veil. He had nobly swished at it with his kerchief, but had forgotten that he had tied the house key in the corner of it! And the *size* of the keys they have! They resemble the kind usually presented to visitors as the "Key to the City."

Poor grandfather was really sorry that he had frightened Sister. He was a chief of one of the villages — perhaps this would strain international relations. Anyway he was sorry that he had hit her with the iron key. The family was all apologies, but they assured Sister that an unswatted tsetse fly is a great danger. Sister knows by this time that it is perfectly good form to kill a tsetse fly anywhere and on anyone, even on a chief's back—or a Medical Missionary's!

Sisters who made First Profession

FEBRUARY 11th

with

Sister M. Jacob

who made

Final Profession

"Good measure, pressed down and overflowing" was our Lord's promise to those who would follow Him and this February 11th with the reception of 20 new postulants, the first profession of nine novices, and final profession of two Sisters, sees its fulfillment for the Medical Missionaries.

Carrying lighted candles those in the ceremony proceeded down the aisle of St. Cecilia's Church, Fox Chase, where the reception and profession were held, because of the lack of space in our own chapel. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas F. McNally presided and celebrated Holy Mass, assisted by Rev. Charles J. Mahoney C.S.C., chaplain at the motherhouse. The sermon was delivered by Rev. John P. Flannagan, S.J. of Boston, Mass., who gave the eight day retreat preceding the ceremony. The Most Rev. George W. Ahr, Bishop-elect of Trenton, N. J. gave Benediction.

Those who received the habit:

Sr. M. Shaun White, Baltimore, Md.
Sr. M. Ramona Tener, Okla. City, Okla.
Sr. M. Ronald Stevens, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sr. M. Mark Stadler, Baisley Park, N. Y.
Sr. M. Ruth Hurley, Southington, Conn.
Sr. M. Carol Huss, Hammond, Indiana
Sr. M. Marion Horne, Winsted, Conn.
Sr. M. Clement Honer, Richland Center, Wis.
Sr. M. Michaela, Montreal, Canada
Sr. M. Karen Gossman, Louisville, Ky.
Sr. M. Elaine Desjardins, Mt. Royal, Montreal, Canada
Sr. M. Lourdes Cosgrove, St. Albans, N. Y.
Sr. Marie Jose Arcellana, Manila, Philippine Is.
Sr. Marie Noel Blahut, Ogdensburg, N. J.
Sr. M. Luke Brungardt, Salina, Kansas
Sr. M. Eileen Castellini, Cincinnati, Ohio
Sr. M. Carmelita Jaramillo, San Luis, Colo.
Sr. Marilyn Maguire, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sr. Rosemary Liberi, Phila., Pa.
Sr. M. Francine Montgomery, Phila., Pa.

Novices who made first Profession:

Sr. M. Anastasia Doran, Jordan, N. Y.
Sr. M. Andrea Serafini, Renovo, Pa.
Sr. M. Caroline Morgan, Boston, Mass.
Sr. M. Gerard Burns, Rutherford, N. J.
Sr. M. Jeanne Marier, Drummondville, Quebec, Canada.
Sr. Marie Pierre Blewett, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Sr. M. Ralph Hubbard, Cambridge, Mass.
Sr. M. Rose Amsteen, Chicago, Ill.
Sr. Marie Therese Burke, Jersey City, N.J.

Sisters who made final profession:

Sr. M. Jacob Engelhardt, Detroit, Mich.
Sr. M. Urusula Fagan, Wilmington, Dela. (in England)

If ye be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God; mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth, Alleluia

Chits from India

"Mighty Lak' a Rupee!"

Bishop Hettinga came to say Mass in our Chapel on the Feast of the Holy Family and His Excellency expressed the hope that we would soon have more HOLY FAMILY HOSPITALS in his Diocese. Later on, when talking to Sister Alma Julia, the Bishop sympathized with her about financing the new hospital which involves so many lakhs of rupees.** "Oh, My Lord," Sister replied, "It's not the *lakhs* of rupees we're worried about. It's the *lack* of them!" **A lakh is about $30,000.

Sister M. Clare, R. N.

From Despair to Hope

My polio case is getting so well she can almost walk alone with a cane. Isn't God good! When she came in she couldn't even feed herself and I thought her legs and feet would never function properly. In time, however, we got her hands to work and not long after she was taking a few steps, though with great effort. Several times her muscles have tired suddenly and she has fallen, but not hard because we were supporting her.

She came down with polio about three months ago and someone told her that if she put hot cloths on her legs they would be all right. So, steaming hot compresses were applied and burnt the sides of both her knees and part of her leg. Infection set in and she was brought to us.

She really is a delightful soul, about twenty-two and married to a Mussalman shepherd. She is his second wife and if she doesn't get well enough to look after herself, I don't think he will take her home. What women have to accept in the East is incomprehensible until one sees it!

Sister M. Elizabeth

Sr. David—Guest of Honor

I came and was given a seat of honor. They placed the baby in my arms, a lovely little six-day old Mohammedan boy and today he was to receive his name. Being the first born male child, this ceremony is performed with much pomp and circumstance. In simple words to an even simpler tune, the story of the baby's birth is sung by about nine of the women relatives, the mother-in-law taking the lead. It was very nice and you could see that they were truly grateful. The baby acted his part perfectly, opening his dark eyes, glancing around, enjoying the foreign sounds.

Suddenly the mother-in-law took the child from me and to a new melody he was dressed in a lovely pair of Kelley-green satin pants and a shirt of many colors. A little hat was placed on his head. Then his eyes were blackened, upper and lower lids with a creamed charcoal, and his name was written in red ink with a beautiful golden pen. Next, a bit of honey is placed in the infant's mouth and with more singing the little dressed up figure is placed in his mother's arms. There were many thanks on all sides. Oh, the baby's name—Abdullah!

O Glorious St. Joseph, the eyes of the Incarnate Word (the self-existent God) were to look to thee one day, and many days, with confidence for His daily bread.

(Glories of St. Joseph)

Dear St. Joseph:

We've looked "one day and many days" too, St. Joseph, and you've never let us down. That's why I couldn't let this month of yours go by without saying a great big THANK YOU for all the times you've been a real provider for our family these past 25 years.

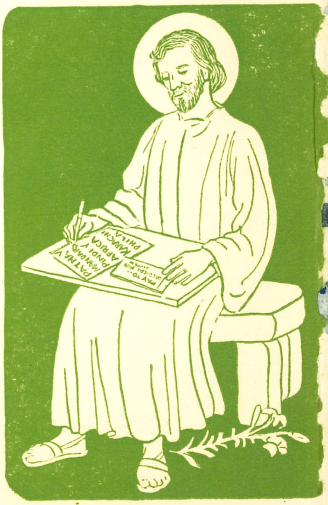
And how that family has grown, St. Joseph! From the first four in a small room in Washington to 300 now, and once again it is a question of room. The Motherhouse chapel has long since ceased to hold us. I never mentioned this to you before because there was always room for the overflow in the adjoining parlor and the Sisters were all so good about the inconvenience. But now, St. Joseph something must be done. We've "overflowed" into the library, parlor, hall and even the sacristy. There is not another place for us to go! I won't beat about the bush any longer—we need a larger chapel URGENTLY.

Don't you have any friends, St. Joseph, who would send us money for a new one? Whisper in their ear, that you will pay them back when they are in need. Please tell them, we can't go on any longer without a new chapel.

As ever, gratefully and hopefully yours,

Anna Dengel

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.



Are You a Friend of St. Joseph?

Dear Mother Dengel:

Here is my contribution $_____ towards your new chapel.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____